PROSE the King of Men with speed,
Each bedecked his coal-black steed;
U PROSE the King of Men with speed,
Each bedecked his coal-black steed;
Hurry, hurry to the field.
Each bedecked his coal-black steed;
And faddled the Dog of darkens spied,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
His fangy throat he open'd wide,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
And faddled the Dog of darkens spied,
His fangy throat he open'd wide,
Down the yawning gulf he rode,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
And faddled the Dog of darkens spied,
His fangy throat he open'd wide,
Down the yawning gulf he rode,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
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And faddled the Dog of darkens spied,
His fangy throat he open'd wide,
Down the yawning gulf he rode,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes.)
Till fall before his steadfast eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he falleth;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dull of the prophetic Maid.

Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the Dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a fallen sound.

Fr. What call unknown, what charms pensive
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And dragges me from the realms of night?

Long on these mouldering bones have beat
The drenching dew's, and driving rain;
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

O. A Traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a Warrior's Son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom thou glittering board is spread,
Drest for whom thou golden bed.

Pr. Mantling in the goblet fee
The pure beverage of the bee,
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold.

Pain can reach the Sons of Heaven!
Unwilling, I my lips unclose;
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Once again my call obey.
Prophe'ts, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's Child await,
Who the Author of his fate.

Pr. In Hoder's hand the Heroe's doom;
His brother sends him to the tomb,
Now my weary lips I close;
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Prophe'ts, my spell obey.
Once again arise, and say,
Who the Avenger of his guilt,
By whom Hoder's blood be spilt.

Pr. 
P.8. In the caverns of the west,
By Odin’s fierce embrace compell’d,
A wondrous Boy stand the bear,
Who never shall comb his raven-hair.
Nor walk his viage in the stream,
Till he on Hodur’s cormic shall fumile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I clothe:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Yet a while my call obey,
Prophet’s, awake, and say,
What Virgins there, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
And snowy veins, that float in air;
Tell me whence their sorrow rote;
Then I leave thee to repose.

P. Ha! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men! I know thee now,
Mighty of a mighty line

O. No boding Maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophet of good;
But mother of the giant-brood!

P. Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall Enquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again;
Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassum'd her ancient right;
Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN:
A FRAGMENT.

BY THE SAME.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.

Lok is the evil Being, who continues in chains till the Twilight of the Gods approaches, when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself and his kindred-deities shall perish. For a further explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755, Quarto.

Owen succeeded his Father Griffin in the Principality of North-Wales, A.D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty Years afterwards.

North-Wales.